CUMBERLAND'S

No. 72. MINOR THEATRE. Pr. 6d.

BEING A COMPANION TO

Cumberland's British Theatre.

The Man and the Marquis;

OR, THE THREE SPECTRES OF THE CASTLE OF ST. VALORI:

A FARCE IN ONE ACT,

By THOMAS DIBDIN, Esq.

Author of the Cabinet. Heart of Mid Lothian, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now performed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with

A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,

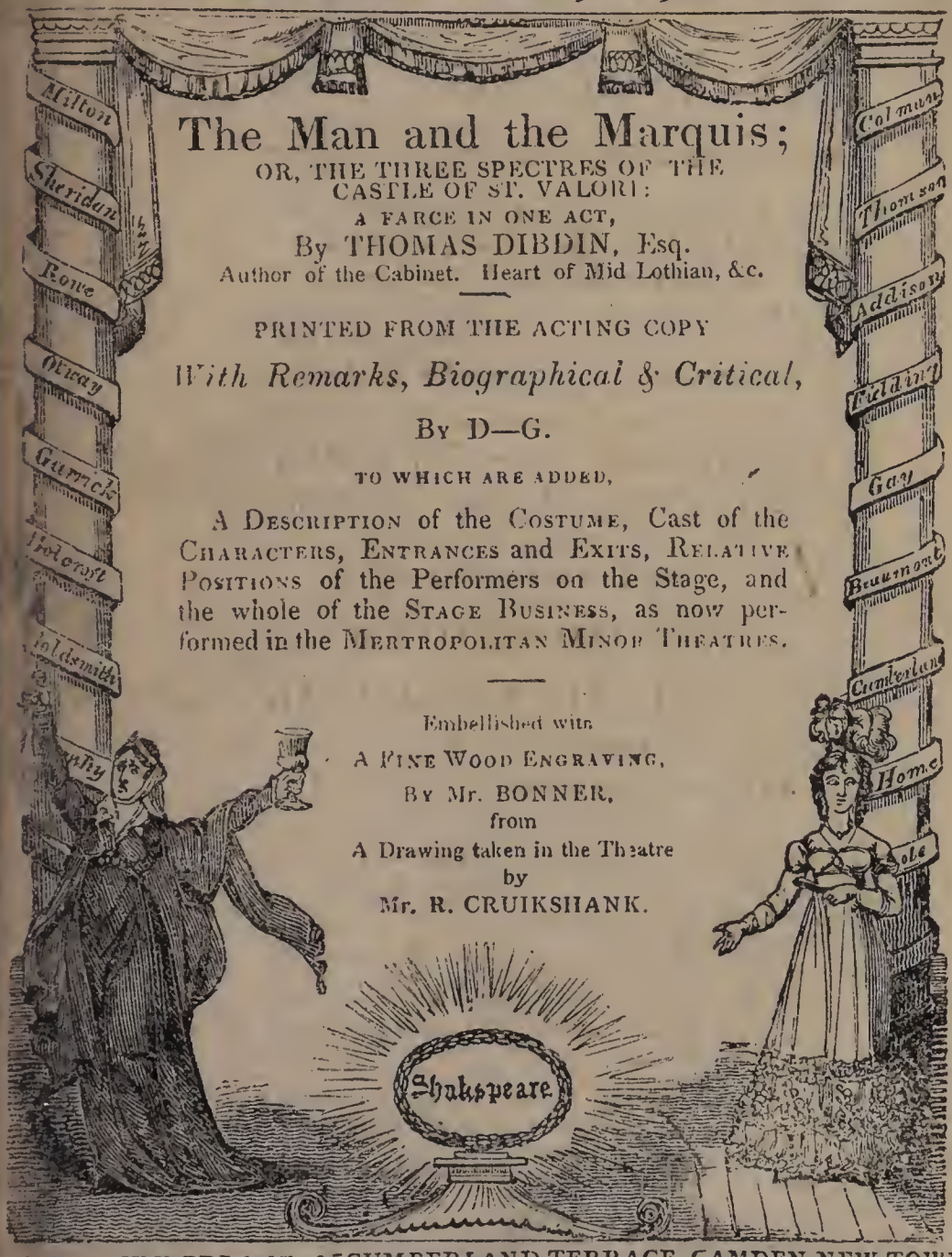
BY Mr. BONNER,

from

A Drawing taken in the Theatre

by

Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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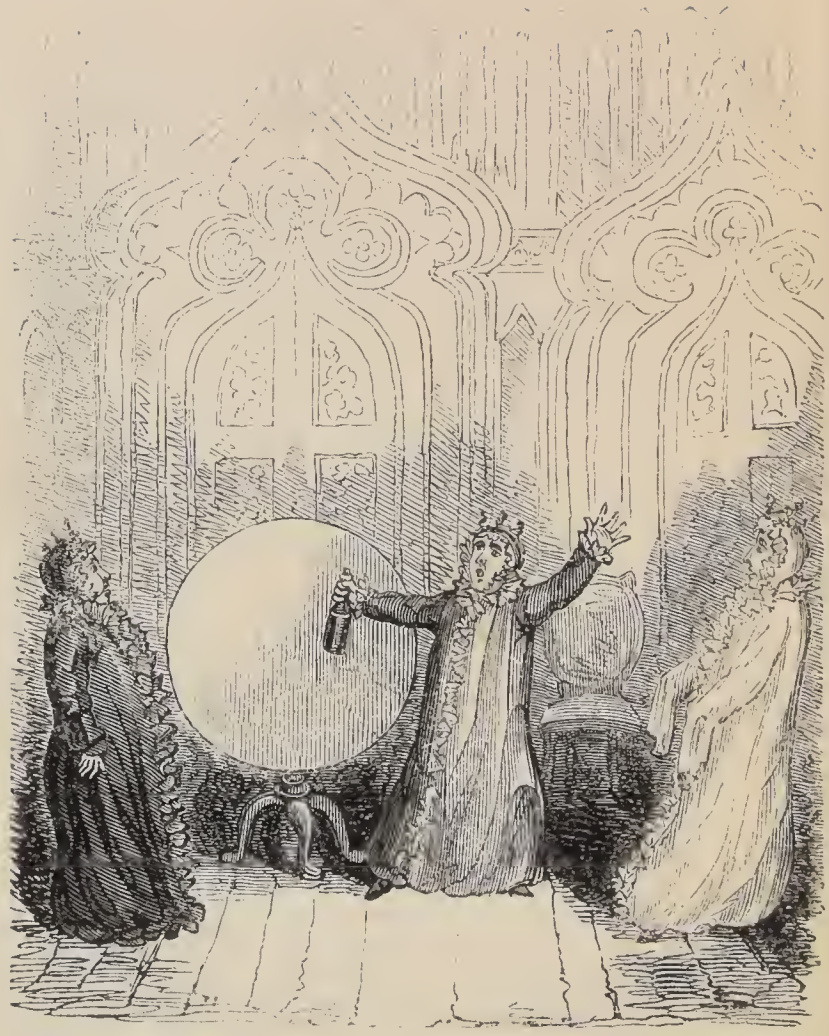

R. Cruikshank, Del. *G. W. Bonner, Sc.*

The Man and the Marquis.

Count. I'm too early. Eh! what are these?

Act I. Scene 5.

THE MAN AND THE MARQUIS;

OR,

THE THREE SPECTRES OF THE CASTLE OF SAINT VALORI:

A FARCE,

In One Act,

BY THOMAS DIBDIN, ESQ.

Author of The Cabinet, The Sixes, Suil Dhu the Coiner, Don Giovanni, Jew and the Doctor, The Fate of Calas, The Heart of Mid-Lothian, The Banks of the Hudson, The Lady of the Lake, &c.

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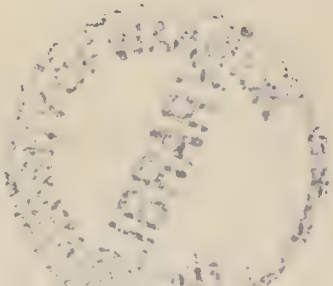

REMARKS.

The Man and the Marquis.

Ghost stories are equally susceptible of wonder and mirth. A spirit, or the mere apprehension of one, in the hands of genius, is a startling thing. What reader remembers not *The Mysteries of Udolpho?* And that a ghost can make us merry, we are well assured—from Addison's pleasant, but neglected, comedy of "The Drummer"—the facetious apparition of Gaffer Thumb—and Mr. Dibdin's "Three Spectres" in "The Man and the Marquis."

The castle of St. Valori is said to be haunted. The grandfather of its present possessor, "the baron," had been killed in a duel by the great great grandfather (or some such relative) of "the marquis," an enamoured young gentleman, who holds a secret correspondence with the baron's daughter, through the instrumentality of his valet Richard, a convenient go-between. The baron designs his daughter for his nephew, "the count;" resolving that no lover, whose ancestor had tapped the family claret, should ever mingle with his blood. Having strong suspicions that a plot is on foot, he offers a reward of twenty crowns to his servants (who are dressed and disciplined in military fashion) for the first spy they shall detect in the garrison. The valet of the marquis, who had, as usual, been carousing with the baron's domestics, is therefore informed, that as twenty crowns are the last offer, their faithful service must, of course, be knocked down to the highest bidder. The baron has picked up a *billet doux* that his daughter had dropped, and comes dancing mad to reproach the "beautiful Constantia." No lady in love is ever without a *confidante*. Lisette is the abigail on the present occasion; and, by her ready invention, outwits the baron. What are they doing abroad?—Taking a mouthful of fresh air! What means the assignation at "the chesnut tree?"—To give the marquis his dismissal! The baron leaves the ladies to send the lover to the right about; and the latter, watching his opportunity, soon appears, in company with his impudent valet, and a pleasant love scene is rehearsed by the ladies and gentlemen. The count suddenly enters—an angry parley ensues—he commands his rival to relinquish all pretensions to Constantia. The marquis (like the spirits in Macbeth) will not be commanded, and refuses assent: the parties retire, to settle the affair honourably—the count is wounded—his servant runs for help, and the castle is up in arms to secure the offender.

One Nicholas, a valet out of place, a fellow of sharp appetite, and sharper wit, on the look out for a dinner, having indulged in a rueful soliloquy on his half-starved condition, falls asleep under a tree, and dreams of turbot and venison, port and sherry, and all imaginable good things, to the great torment of his waking moments. The man and the marquis pass that way, in their attempt to escape; when the *man*, spying the sleeper's cloak on the ground, muffles up his *master* in its ample folds, and leaves in exchange, the regimentals, hat, and sword, of the marquis. Nicholas, waking just at the moment he is tossing off an imaginary bumper to his mistress, is astonished to behold the scarlet, and gold lace: he, however, makes no scruple to adopt them, considering their smart appearance will get him credit for a dinner and a bottle. He is strutting about, sword in hand, admiring his sudden transmogrification, when Richard enters, and salutes him with the title of my lord marquis, and waits his commands! The new made peer politely demands, *who* the devil is *Richard?*—And being respectfully assured that the said Richard is his lordship's humble servant, he pursues the inquiry, and asks, *who* the devil is his *lordship?*—The Marquis de Belcour! His next questions are, Where does he live, and what is for dinner? Singular forgetfulness! The effect of the recent combat has impaired his lordship's memory. He has been *fighting*, then?—Undoubtedly! and having killed his man, considerations of dinner must give place to safety. He is curious to know the *name* of his antagonist—Count Rhodomontado, who had the presumption to stand in the way of his union with the fair daughter of the Baron St. Valori. Indeed! and the girl is fond of him? Doatingly! Rich?—As Crœsus!—He resolves to cry, "*consummatum est!*" even *before* dinner! Then follows the old story of the duel between the two great grandfathers. The baron's servants enter. His lordship is respectfully entreated to deliver up his sword—a hint, however, about a shot through the head, induces him to deny his nobility, which begets a suspicion that his brain is touched. He prays to be allowed the satisfaction of one downright solid dinner. A dozen is granted; as, in the event of his antagonist dying, many days form must be gone through before *his execution*. He issues his commands, that the cook be forthwith instructed to prepare breakfast, dinner, and supper, all in a breath.

After a short imprisonment, with the ordinary luxuries of a stool, a brown loaf, and a jug of beer, the mock marquis is ushered into the baron's presence, and is immediately recognised by Lisette, as her *quondam* lover, who had run away just as they were going to be married. The trick is, however, kept up. The baron (who half suspects it) reads his prisoner an Old Bailey lecture on the awful predicament in which he stands, and begs him to make any request that he chooses. Three things only has the dying man to ask: do the folks in this castle *dine* every day?—At what hour?—Let dinner be served up without delay!

The Baron Saint Valori is not to be made an easy dupe. He inquires of Picard, one of his domestics, if he is afraid of *spirits?*—Neat, or mixed? is the unsophisticated reply. It is finally arranged, that for one night, Picard shall watch in the great saloon; and the first ghost that crosses him, he, *sans ceremonie,* shall show the nearest way out of the castle window, into the ditch beneath. To this, Picard (who likes to put his spirits into water!) willingly assents.

It may be reasonably imagined, that the count is *not* mortally wounded. Certain it is, that he *appears* to Lisette—presents her with a purse—and communicates a plot. His rival, the marquis, dressed as a ghost, is that night to carry off Constantia. Now, if *he* were to assume a similar disguise, ghost would meet ghost, and cheat in the dark! The promise of a snug farm, and a good husband, seals the bargain. The next *appearance* is Richard, puzzling how he shall get his master out of the castle. *That* point is already decided, by the fore-thought of Lisette; the present question is, how shall the rogue *himself* escape? A thought strikes, too brilliant to be rashly communicated. Then comes the mock marquis, propounding the like difficulty. He is disposed of in an adjoining room. *He,* too, shall walk out as a ghost! The baron issues his orders. The serjeant is to watch at one door, and seize the first apparition that appears; while Picard is to keep centry at another, and perform the same office to any goblin that may be inclined to vanish. Richard enters in a *suit of sables,* his brain-pan surmounted by a grotesque cap; his ghostly insignia, a huge crab stick, and a paper lantern. Nicholas stalks in, similarly attired, with this exception, that his dress is *white.* We need no further evidence of the existence of spirits, since here we have them in black and white! It is comical to see how these sham spectres affright one another. Lastly, comes the count, *a la ghost, en masque*—seeing his brother spirits, he smells a rat, and hides behind a table. Right about, face! Richard, the first ghost, is borne off by the serjeant in a twinkling; while Picard, as nimbly, trips away with Nicholas, the second! The one is consigned to the flour-binn, the other to the coal-cellar. The *count,* who makes the *third spectre,* only escapes the ditch, by throwing off his mask: he, however, loses his mistress; the baron having resolved, as a reward for his courage and perseverance, to bestow his daughter on the marquis.

Sadler's Wells originally produced this lively *bagatelle.* Mr. W. H. Williams, in Nicholas, made a very pleasant sprite. The two other ghosts did equally their duty.

☞ D.——G.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at Sadler's Wells Theatre.

	Original.	1830.
The Baron	Mr. Lancaster.	Mr. Andrews.
The Marquis	Mr. G. Henry.	Mr. Foster.
The Count	Mr. Tyrrell.	Mr. Palmer.
Richard	Mr. Wyatt.	Mr. Matthews.
Nicholas	Mr. W. H. Williams.	Mr. W. H. Williams.
Serjeant	Mr. Dobbs.	Mr. G. Smith.
Picard	Mr. Starmer.	Mr. Starmer.
Laurence	Mr. Helme.	Mr. Martin.
Constantia	Miss Seymour.	Miss Boden.
Lisette	Miss Stuart.	Miss Stuart.

Costume.

THE BARON.—Black shape, trimmed with gold lace —white hose—russet shoes—black hat, and white feathers.

THE MARQUIS.—Handsome Hussar uniform—white pantaloons—russet boots.

THE COUNT. — *First dress:* Green velvet tunic, handsomely trimmed with yellow satin—white pantaloons —russet boots. *Second dress:* Long figured dressing gown, cap, and mask.

RICHARD.—*First dress:* Figured jacket, with tabs— red hose—russet boots—little hat. *Second dress:* Long black cotton gown—high grotesque cap.

NICHOLAS.—*First dress:* Plain brown tunic—white pantaloons—russet boots—ragged cloak—broad white hat. *Second dress:* The Marquis's Hussar uniform. *Third dress:* Long white calico gown and white cap.

PICARD.—Fawn-coloured tunic, trimmed with green binding—blue hose—russet boots.

LAURENCE.—Ditto, ditto.

SERJEANT.—Regimentals.

CONSTANTIA. — White satin dress, trimmed with silver flowers.

LISETTE.—Pink muslin dress, trimmed with roses— apron, with pockets, &c.

THE MAN AND THE MARQUIS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Gothic Hall—a large table,* c., *on which are ugs of ale, drinking horns, &c.*

PICARD, *sitting at the head of the table*—SERJEANT, L. *corner*—RICHARD, LAURENCE, *and a number of Servants, on benches on either side, discovered, drinking.*

CATCH.—SERJEANT *and* PICARD.

Ser. Let every man fill high his can,
And this shall be our toast:
May we win to our arms the girl of our hearts,
For that's what I love most!

Lau. Let every man fill high his can,
And this shall be our toast:
May we ne'er have worse than a full-fill'd purse,
For that's what I love most!

Pic. Let every man fill high his can,
And this shall be our toast:
May a cellar of mine never want good wine,
For that's what I love most!

Ric. Let every man fill high his can:
Wine, woman, gold, may be
Delightful each; so no more I'll preach,
But here's may we have all three!

Chorus. Let every man fill high his can,
Since with you I agree;
Gold, woman, wine, be thine, thine, thine,—
I'd rather have all three!

Ser. [*Rising.*] Laurence, go see that no one interposes us.

Lau. (L.) Yes, only I wish to say——

Ser. (L. C.) Say!—Are you or are you not sworn to secrecy?

Lau. I am.

Ser. Then say nothing. March! [*Exit Laurence*, L.

Ric. Well, now I've delivered the letter from my master, the marquis, to your young lady, the baron's daughter, I'll march, too.

Pic. And, as the wine's gone, I'll follow it.

Ser. Ah, Picard! what do you love better than a flask of good old stuff of the right sort?

Pic. (C.) Two!—But hark ye, Master Richard, the serjeant and I begin to think it isn't quite fair of us to connive any longer at your visits here, bringing letters, and little or nothing to pay the postage. We've drank together, and so far you're safe; but if caught here again, you'll be had before the baron.

Ric. And why?—My master pays pretty well.

Ser. He does, but our master pays better. His daughter is to be married to her cousin, the count; and twenty crowns are offered for any spy we catch in the garrison.

Pic. So you see what we lose by our hospitality.

Ric. Hospitality!—Why, ar'n't you all frightened out of your wits at the report of the ghost of your master's grandfather, who was killed in a duel by my master's great great grandfather?—And didn't I come to sit with you out of mere charity?—And, because I had to deliver a poor, insignificant bit of a letter to your lady's lady, didn't I give you all my master's bounty, [*Aside.*] except what I put into my own pocket?—And didn't I know you dared not 'peach, for fear I should 'peach, too, and you would lose your places?

Ser. And don't I know——

Re-enter LAURENCE, L.

Lau. I don't know any thing about what any of you know; but this I know, our master, the baron, has found the letter you brought my lady, and is coming here in such a——

Baron. [*Without.*] Search the castle!—Where is my daughter?—Bring the keys of the double dungeon!

Ser. Away with the tables!

[*They remove off the tables, benches, &c.*, R. U. E.

Pic. [*Taking off bottles, horns, &c.*] I'll secure the wine. [*Exit*, R. U. E.

Ric. And I'll take care of myself. [*Exit*, L. S. E.

Ser. Now to play the old soldier: attention! [*Calling.*] Picard! Laurence!

Re-enter LAURENCE *and* PICARD, R. U. E., *the* BARON, L.

Bar. Here's treachery, treason, and want of discipline! Look here—here's a letter!

Ser. I said so!

Lau. I was sure of it!

Pic. I knew it all along!

Bar. You did, did you?—And how dare you——

Ser. We didn't dare; we only saw the marquis's man with a letter in his hand.

Pic. Which he got rid of in some unaccountable manner, and went off——

Lau. Nobody can tell how.

Bar. Then I'll tell you how you shall all go off at the first sight of another interloper. Where's my daughter?

Ser. Gone out, my lord.

Bar. Where's her maid?

Pic. Gone after, my lord.

Bar. Go seek the count, then; fasten all the avenues; fly! ye disobedient varlets, fly! [*Exeunt all but the Baron*, R. S. E.] It is strange how this marquis and his emissaries hover about, yet I never set eyes on him in my life!—These rascals deceive me: I'd turn them off instantly, but the story of the ghost that haunts us prevents my getting others; and the dignity of my house prevents my ever countenancing a nobleman, whose ancestor killed mine.—My daughter loves me, but won't love her cousin;—my castle would be delightful, if it were not haunted; and my rank is too noble to make it fit I should impart my grief to humble commoners. I'll seek this headstrong girl, and she shall marry to please me. Oh! if I hadn't a title, a castle, a daughter, a large estate, and a house full of servants, I shouldn't have a single thing to make me uneasy!

[*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Picturesque View of a glowing French Country, at the time of the Vintage—the Castle of the Baron forms a conspicuous figure in the distance—a large bank in the centre.*

Enter the MARQUIS, R.

Mar. Richard stays long; I hope he has delivered my letter; 'tis now the very time of the appointment. What

have family quarrels to do with love?—And yet, if it were not for love, where should we find any family quarrels?

SONG.—THE MARQUIS.

From quarrels which threaten the ruin of love
He oft gains accession of power;
And bonds scarcely woven more permanent prove
From ephemeral freaks of the hour.
When lovers fall out, if true lovers they be,
So elastic the springs of the mind,
More lov'd and beloving each couple we see,
And contending who most shall be kind.

And thus 'twas when Hercules fearlessly fought
With the giant who sprang from the earth,
Who each time overthrown, and new energies wrought,
Was by her who had given him birth.
So when lovers fall out, &c.

[*Exit*, R. S. E.

Enter CONSTANTIA *and* LISETTE, R.

Con. (C.) Nay, Lisette, it's useless talking; we must return to the castle before our absence is discovered, or my father and my jealous cousin will be quite alarmed.

Lis. (R. C.) Why, my lady, I'm sure we have walked here before now, without alarming your father, the baron, or even your jealous cousin, the count.

Con. But I never before walked here in hopes of seeing my true lover, the marquis, whom I own I feel attached to, because——

Lis. He is the man of all others you are forbid to think of. Oh! when I was in love with that rogue Nicholas, why, hadn't I a father, an uncle, and a cousin, to have stirred him up with a little inspiring opposition, we should have been happily married by this time. But, dear me, my lady, you don't listen to a word I say!

Con. [*Sighing.*] Ah, me!

Lis. What a sigh!—Courage! I am sure he will come.

Con. [*Sitting on the bank under the tree.*] No, he deserts me, and I won't wait for him another moment!

Lis. [*Aside.*] She won't wait another moment, and yet there she sits! [*To Constantia.*] Am I to be seated, too, my lady?

Con. [*Abstracted in thought.*] What did you say, Lisette?

Lis. I say it is a shame, madam, that, because your father's grandfather quarelled with the great grandfather of your lover, the marquis, the family hatred should prevent two such dear little darlings as you and the nice man who now keeps us waiting, from being allowed to follow your own inclinations.

Con. [*Rising.*] When I first met him, I knew not he was one of a family so obnoxious to my father: my aunt, who introduced him, had the cruelty to conceal it.

Lis. Good lady! she was quite right, ma'am, and will be rewarded by seeing the two families united.

Con. That they shall never be, since he has thought fit to break his appointment!—I will never see him more!—[*Looking off*, R.] Is that him, Lisette?

Lis. Lord, my lady! that's the old mule in the paddock. But are you sure you don't mistake the hour?

Con. Mistake it!—Here's his letter, in which he says—[*Searching for it.*] What can I possibly have done with it?

Lis. Is his name to it, ma'am?

Con. Yes.

Lis. And yours?

Con. Yes: I must have dropped it when my father came so suddenly.

Lis. [*Looking off*, L.] And here he comes, dancing mad, with a letter in his hand! Don't be frightened, don't speak, don't seem to know any thing about it, and leave all the rest to me.

Enter the BARON, *with a letter*, L.

Bar. Well, daughter, here you are; and what the devil are you doing here?

Lis. [*Meeting the Baron.*] We are taking a mouthful of air, sir.

Bar. I don't speak to you, Miss Impudence! Constantia, do you mean to favour me with an answer?

Lis. To be sure she will, my lord; only you're speaking so cross is enough to disconcert the most innocent innocence in the world.

Bar. Will you hold your innocent tongue?

Lis. Now, my lord, am I saying a word?—And I'm sure, if your lordship were to stop other people's tongues that try to set you against my lady——

Bar. [*Holding up the letter.*] Did other people's tongues

write this letter, eh, hussy? [*Reading.*] "*Beautiful Constantia!*"

Lis. And what then, sir?—Everybody knows she is beautiful; and how can she help being told so? I was called pretty myself last Wednesday se'night by a charming young gentleman.

Bar. Fire and fury!

Lis. Is that in the letter, my lord?

Bar. [*Calmly, and aside.*] I'll keep my temper!—[*Reading.*] "*Beautiful Constantia, your cruelty drives me to despair.*"

Lis. Oh, then, her cruelty to the gentleman makes you angry?

Bar. To punish your impertinence, mark what follows: [*Reading.*] "*After all the proofs you have given me of a love as reciprocal*"—[*To Constantia.*] Do you hear?—[*Reading.*] "*As reciprocal*"——

Lis. [*Reading over his shoulder.*] "*As innocent*"——

[*Constantia retires up*, c., *in agitation.*

Bar. Why is it I suffer the insolence of this, this——

Lis. Don't call names, or I will tell how you are always attempting to make love to me, whenever nobody's by, you know you are; and, unless you've a mind I should proclaim it to the whole castle——

Bar. I had better finish the letter. [*Reading.*] "*Since you have discovered who I am, you seem to be inspired by the unjust hatred of your family to mine. Meet me to-morrow*"—that's to-day—"*at the dear chesnut-tree,*"—[*Pointing to it.*]—there it is!—"*where we met before, or be guilty of the death of—the* MARQUIS DE BELCOUR!"—The man of all others I detest!

Lis. And does not he complain that she detests him, too?—Do you believe she ever meant to meet him?

Bar. Then what does she do here, Mrs. Nimbletongue?

Con. [*Coming forward*, c.] I meant, dear father, to tell him that——

Lis. To tell him that she would not speak to him, and that she only came here to convince him she wouldn't meet him at all.

Bar. Constantia, I won't be disobeyed: you shall marry your cousin; and, to convince you I trust to your honour, I'll condescend to believe what this watermill of a woman's clack asserts. See your lover, and tell him, for the last time, his ancestor killed mine: the spirit of my murdered kinsman, as you all told me, walks my castle for revenge;

and if this hot-brained spark sets foot on my territory, my sword shall revenge the quarrel of my family.

Con. [*Imploringly.*] Dear, dear father——

Bar. Or this hand shall put an end to your poor old disregarded father!

Lis. (L.) You didn't say that half so well as you did in the morning, my lord; and we've heard it every day for a month past.

Bar. And you shall hear it every day for a month to come. Yes, Constantia, I leave you to give your lover his dismissal, and fair notice of his danger. [*Constantia retires up,* R.] [*To Lisette.*] And as for you, Miss Malapert——

Lis. [*Interrupting him.*] I'll tell every thing!

Bar. I'll deny every thing!

Lis. [*Showing a letter.*] Will you deny this pretty little valentine you sent me?

Bar. [*Crossing to* L.] Lord! lord! what fools the girls make of us young fellows! [*Exit,* L.

Con. [*Coming forward,* R.] How can you irritate my father thus? [*Looking off,* R.] Ha! here is the marquis!

Lis. [*Looking off,* R.] And, what is still better, here is his man!

Enter the MARQUIS *and* RICHARD, R.—*Richard crosses behind, and meets Lisette—they retire,* L.

Mar. (R. C.) Constantia, I watched your father's departure to seek an interview, on which depends the happiness of my life.

Con. (C.) The safety of your life depends on your leaving me directly. I have given my honour to my father to dismiss you; and, though I say it with extreme pain, here we must part for ever!

Mar. And your haughty cousin, my unfeeling rival, is to tear you from me? Let him beware!

Con. Nay, hear me! be calm but for a moment; I only perform my duty.

Lis. [*Coming down,* R. C.] Yes, my Lord Marquis, we perform our duty: my lady performs hers as she promised, and I mine, by assuring you that I will leave nothing undone to serve the good old cause of true young lovers. [*The Marquis and Constantia retire up,* R.] And if Mr. Thingummy there, [*Pointing to* L.] your lordship's shadow, will but second my honest endeavours, I should

only like to see the jealous cousins or angry papas who would push us to the rout.

Ric. [*Coming down*, L.] Do you not perceive, young lady, that they take no account of all you are saying?

Lis. No; but they are making love, which is their proper part in the play we are to act: mine is to take care they shall not be interrupted; and yours will be to receive all the cudgellings, duckings, thumpings, lumpings, and bumpings, the baron will be sure to bestow on the favourite man of his daughter's lover.

Ric. And do not we go shares in all these good things?

Lis. Oh, no; it would be as ungenerous in me to part with any of the pretty little rings and purses I expect to receive from your master, as it would be to rob you of the aforesaid favours you will get from mine.

[*The Marquis, and Constantia, come forward*, R.

Mar. Must we then separate?

Con. [*Looking off*, R.] Yes, yes: I see my cousin; he is alighting from his horse.

Mar. Our evil genius brings him.

Lis. We will take a hidden path: you, my lord, return to your inn—trust to me—the baron does not know your person; and I will introduce you into the castle in a shape that shall secure you from interruption or detection.

Mar. [*Giving her a purse.*] Thanks! But constance!

Con. Marquis!

Lis. You had better stay and act a scene now, and let the count surprise you.

Mar. [*To Constantia.*] Farewell!

Con. Farewell! [*Exit*, L.

Lis. [*To Richard, in imitation.*] Farewell!

Ric. [*Sighing.*] Farewell! [*To the Marquis.*] Look, my lord marquis, our cousin, the count, seems exceedingly wrath, and bends his steps hitherward with something between a trot and a hand-gallop—we had better go.

[*Retires*, L.

Mar. He would think I fear him. The interests of my love would bid me go; but the interests of my honour, demands my stay.

Enter the COUNT, R.

Count. [*Angrily.*] So, sir, how happened I to see you speaking to my fair cousin?

Mar. [*Coolly.*] Because you happened to look this way, sir, I imagine.

Count. It is very well, sir; it is not that I seek to revenge an ancient family quarrel; but I come to tell you, you must resign Constantia, or——

Mar. Or do every thing in my power to obtain her.

Count. There are pistols in my holsters, yonder.

Mar. You are very accommodating!

Count. [*Fiercely.*] Well, sir!

Mar. [*Coolly.*] Well, sir!

Count. Follow me.

Mar. Unless you go first, sir, that will be impossible.

[*Exeunt the Count, followed by the Marquis,* R.

Ric. [*Coming forward,* C.] How cool! They go to take a pair of pistols, just as I should attack a pair of dice; and march to battle, as I would to take my partner in a quadrille: it is very odd; but I could never fight without putting myself in a passion, while they blow out one another's brains, with as much politeness as if a second was a mere master of the ceremonies—it is one way of going down a dance, however. [*Two pistols fired without.*] Oh, dear! [*Looking out,* R.] Eh! the count is wounded—his servant runs for help—my master would assist—the count repulses him—he retires—servants lead the count away, and the whole castle will be in arms against my poor master.—What is left to do?

Enter NICHOLAS, L. U. E., *in a large cloak.*

Nic. My friend! hish! hish! my friend, I say!

Ric. I have not time to be anybody's friend now, but my master's. [*Runs off,* R.

Nic. That fellow sees, by my face, I have not a sous in my pocket, and cuts me, like all the rest of the world. I am dying with fatigue, want of sleep, and no want of appetite: they will charge me nothing for a nap under this tree; but they will give me nothing to eat when I awake. Oh, Nicholas! Nicholas! thou hast done many foolish things, and endured hard penance for them; but to be without a dinner, when thou hast had no breakfast, and can see no chance of supper, is a little too hard. I once had my fortune told by an old walnut-coloured devil, who shuffled and cut, and shuffled and prophecied, that I, little Nicholas, should rise on the fall of a great man. So, when I was postilion to old General Grampus, I contrived to upset him in a ditch; but he, not understanding astrology, stopped my wages, stripped me of my livery, turned me out of doors, and here I am. [*Sitting on the bank, under the*

tree, c.] I wonder what has become of my dear Lisette, whom I was to have married, and did not. A great lady, perhaps, by this time, [*Leaning back.*] and little dreaming how—[*Overcome by sleep.*]—good night, Lisette. Oh! how hungry shall I be when I awake.—Oh! Ya! ya! ya!

[*Sleeps.*

Re-enter the MARQUIS *and* RICHARD, R.

Ric. My lord, this is the very worst road we could have taken; the old baron, and his people, must already be on the look out.

Mar. What is to be done?—No matter; it is for Constantia I shall suffer, and I will yield to the fury of my enemies.

Ric. I would see my enemies at Old Scratch, first.—Eh! here's fortune! [*Seeing the cloak of Nicholas taying on the ground, by the bank.*] This cloak, my lord—leave your regimentals, hat, and sword—take the air and gait of a vagrant, and leave me to manage with this tramper.

Mar. Who would fall a victim to my safety?

Ric. He cannot fall, my lord, he may rise; and in my own proper authority, I mean to create him Marquis of Belcour, colonel of cavalry, and the fortunate opponent of your rival: this will give you a few miles start, detain your pursuers, and——hark! they are at hand! Go to the little cabaret in the wood—hasten, pray—this way—I will return, play my part, and bring your lordship news.

[*Exeunt*, R. U. E.

Nic. [*In his steep.*] I would as lieve have a leg as a wing, sir, and rather both, than either.—Red, or white wine? Thank you, sir—I will taste the turtle after the turbot, and the venison after the turtle. Oh, dear! oh, dear! [*Waking.*] Where is it all gone? What, a dream! and to wake just as I was going to drink Lisette in a bumper of—[*Seeing the regimentats of the marquis, which are placed near the bank where the cloak was laying.*]—Eh! what is this?—Gold lace, a hat, and a sword. Oh, oh, this is some of the gipsies cut and shuffle—let's see—what is it to me how they came here. [*Putting them on.*] They fit—a little too big; but that's careless and genteel.—I feel quite another man. Who am I, though? No matter; this outside will get me credit for a bird, and a bottle, anywhere—my sword too. [*Strutting about.*] What a swagger! I must learn to call about me. [*Calling.*] Where are my

fellows? So, ho! lacqueys! rascals! not a single valet in the way!

Enter RICHARD, R. U. E.

Ric. [*Bowing.*] Beg pardon, my lord marquis, I wait your commands.

Nic. And who the devil are you?

Ric. Your lordship's humble servant.

Nic. And pray, my humble servant, who am I?—Eh! fellow!

Ric. My lord marquis.

Nic. Oh, I'm my lord marquis, am I? I would rather have been a duke; but have marquisses no names?

Ric. Your lordship knows you are Marquis de Belcour.

Nic. A very pretty name, indeed.

Ric. Which has belonged to your lordship above five hundred years.

Nic. And I am not thirty.

Ric. I speak of your lordship's ancestors. Your great grandfather was——

Nic. [*Aside.*] A coppersmith. True: we wont't talk of my ancestor's now.—Where do I live? and what is for dinner.

Ric. The effect of the combat your lordship has been engaged in, has made you forget that——

Nic. What, I've been fighting, have I?

Ric. Yes; and having killed your man, it would be best to think of safety.

Nic. Killed my man! where! how! it must have been where I just dined, in my sleep: and may I never cut mutton again, if I think I'm out of my dreams yet.—And who is my enemy?

Ric. No longer of this world.

Nic. So much the better; and who was he, when he was——

Ric. Count Rhodomontado, who wanted to prevent your marrying his cousin, daughter of Baron St. Valori, of that castle.

Nic. Indeed! and is the girl fond of me?

Ric. To distraction.

Nic. Is she rich?

Ric. Millions.

Nic. What a beauty! [*Crossing to* R.] I'll go and marry her before I dine.

Ric. Her father won't allow it.

Nic. Why?

Ric. An ancient quarrel.—Seven gentlemen of his family, have, at different times, been slain in combat, by as many of yours.

Nic. And if the old fool don't give me his daughter, he shall be the eighth. And now, what is your name?

Ric. Richard.

Nic. I don't like it; a smart, clever valet, should always be called Nicholas.

Ric. I have heard of one of that name, whom, whenever I meet, I mean to thrash confoundedly.

Nic. Indeed.

Ric. The rascal, I'll kill him.

Nic. Why?

Ric. Because he is a shabby, idle, drunken——

Nic. [*Aside.*] I am afraid he means me.

Ric. Stupid coxcomb: and above all, because he is my rival with the charming Lisette.

Nic. [*Aside.*] Now would I leather this fellow, if I had but courage. [*Looking off,* L.] And who are these?

Ric. [*Aside.*] The baron's guard, in search of my master. Oh! these are the baron's people come, I dare say, to invite you to his chateau.

Enter the SERJEANT, *and invalided Soldiers,* L.—*Richard and Nicholas get to* R. *corner, the soldiers form behind.*

Ser. (C.) Right! left! face! Yes, these are our men. Uniform of the What-d'ye-call-'em hussars, and the servant in the livery described! Attention! [*Apart to Richard.*] Ha! young man, we seek the Marquis de Belcour! Must do my duty.

Ric. Certainly; and if you seek the Marquis de Belcour, there he is.

Ser. [*To Nicholas, à la militaire.*] My lord, I have the honour, most respectfully, to request you will resign your sword; or else I shall have the infinite mortification, with all imaginable deference, of shooting your lordship through the head.

Nic. Lord! I am no lord, but of this fellow's making!

Ric. Lord! love, and the devil, have turned my poor master's brain; do not hurt him, serjeant.

Nic. No, don't hurt him: and if I am a lord, [*Pointing to Richard.*] pray give my valet there a good thrashing.

Ric. [*To the Serjeant.*] Very mad, indeed.

Ser. Oh, very; but take comfort, my lord, the baron is

a man of honour, and will treat you like a nobleman; and if the death of his cousin obliges him to cut off your head, I'll answer for its being done in the tenth part of a second.

Ric. And with all possible politeness.

Nic. Hark ye, friends, will they allow me one downright solid dinner?

Ser. A dozen!—There will be many days form to go through before execution!

[*They all retire a little, except Nicholas.*

Nic. (c.) Then I'll go through them all: they will soon discover I am no marquis;—and if they choose to kick me out, it will be in better condition than they marched me in. [*To the Soldiers.*] Here, fellows! take my sword. [*The Serjeant takes it.*] Where's that fellow, that Richard, or whatever his impudent name may be. [*To Richard.*] Do you go to the cook, and order breakfast, dinner, and supper, all in a breath, while I go to the baron.—March, my fine fellows, and keep your distance. [*Soldiers form to the* L.] The fortune-teller was in the right, and Nicholas was born to be a marquis. [*Exeunt, followed by Soldiers,* L.

SCENE III.—*A Gothic Apartment, with a sliding panel,* C. F.

Enter CONSTANTIA, R.

Con. (c.) What suspense am I in:—my cousin, they say, will die; and the marquis must, for killing him. Lisette promised to learn, whether he had escaped. Rash, rash marquis, thou wilt be the next sacrifice to the family feud. And this is the very room, too, where the last victim fell, and where, they say, his apparition walks.

[*The panel opens slowly; Constantia alarmed, runs* R.

Enter the MARQUIS *from the panel,* C. F.

Mar. Constantia, revive; it is I, your faithful lover.

Con. (R. c.) Ah! how could you fright me thus, after your fury sacrificed my cousin: must I, too, be your victim?

Mar. (c.) I have reason to hope your cousin is but slightly hurt, and his danger exaggerated, to banish me the province; but I dare all for you: and recollecting this is the anniversary of your ancestor's supposed appearance, have taken the liberty, by Lisette's assistance, to assume his unearthly garb, which I left in the next room, to obtain a sight of you.

Enter LISETTE, *from the panel*, C. F.

Lis. And a very spirited way, too, my lord—and it is as you suspect—the count is well enough to walk about his chamber, and is planning a scheme to carry off my lady; so do you talk over all your love and anger, while I go for more intelligence. No one ventures to this part of the castle; and here you will be safe from interruption: should you be alarmed, that panel will secure your retreat to the garden; bolt it on the inside, and leave it to me to let you out at the other end. [*Exit*, R.

Con. [*Calling after her.*] Lisette! how dare you leave me alone with the marquis!—How imprudent!

Mar. My Constantia, if you alarm the family, I shall fall into their power, you will be shut up in a convent, and your cousin——

Con. Oh! name him not!

DUET.—CONSTANTIA *and the* MARQUIS.

Con. There is but one heart for me to love;
There is but one loves me:
And ne'er loves pleasure will I prove,
Unless that one be thee,
My love.

Mar. There's but one heart for which I burn;
One heart that burns for me:
And mine shall fill the funeral urn,
E'er warm to aught but thee,
My love. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE IV.—*A Prison.*

Enter the SERJEANT, *with a stool, a brown loaf, and jug of beer, followed by* NICHOLAS, *and three Soldiers*, L.

Ser. [*Placing the stool.*] There, marquis, this lively room, and the next, are at your service, till I announce you to the baron. [*Exeunt Serjeant and Soldiers*, L.

Nic. [*Looking about.*] A lively apartment, indeed! I wonder which is the dining-room! Alas! oh, Nicholas! oh, Nicholas! alas! thy dining days are over.

SONG.—NICHOLAS.

[*Introduced by Mr. W. H. Williams.*]

I sigh and lament me in vain;
These walls do but echo my moan,
While I pine for a glass of champagne,
And the joys of a lovely broiled bone.

Through the gates of my prison I see
Little birds,—how my senses they charm!
Oh! if one would but fly down to me,
With a gizzard tucked under each arm!
Biddy, biddy, biddy, biddy, come and be killed,
For Nicholas is hungry, his stomach must be filled!

Like a fish out of water, I dwell
Without turbot, or lobster, or sole;
I feel like a frog in a well,
And I die for a toad in a hole.
If a turbot and lobster were here,
And some eels in a frying-pan brown'd,—
Some white bait, or, if that be too dear,
A maid, if a maid could be found!
For, oh, dear! what can become of me?
Dear, dear! what shall I do?
Starvation will leave not a crumb of me,—
I wish I had dinner for two!

After breakfast, I ask not for more
Than a luncheon of ham, or what not;
When dinner and coffee are o'er,
Let my supper come up smoking hot.
Then at fortune I never would growl,—
My wishes are modest, I think;
Only grant me but fish, flesh, and fowl,
And the best wine in Europe to drink.
For eating and drinking
Are still to my thinking
What mortals all wish in their turn.

SCENE V.—*A Gothic Chamber in the Castle of Saint Valori.*

Lisette. [*Without*, L.] Well, I am sure, my lord, you may come and see, if you are not too great a coward.

Music.—Enter LISETTE, *followed by the* BARON, R.

Lis. [*Advancing.*] There, now, I suppose you will believe me another time.

Bar. Perhaps I shall, and, perhaps, I shall not; one thing I believe, because I have it from the best authority; and that is, that somebody has got access to my daughter, either to convey letters, or to——but no matter—a thought has struck me—Lisette, go to the count's chamber, and ask if he is able to receive a visit. Go, and tell my daugh-

ter to come here. [*Exit Lisette*, R.] Yes, yes, I will spectre him! I imagined I was putting a trick upon the marquis, and he is for tricking me! The count is not hurt at all, that is the best of the joke; yet the marquis, who thinks his rival mortally wounded, dares to enter here, and as a ghost too! He shall be watched; the castle ditch is not deep, but rare and muddy, and runs beneath my daughter's windows; so we'll seize this ghost, and throw him in.

Enter CONSTANTIA *and* LISETTE, R.

Constantia, though I never saw your lover, yet I am convinced he is in the castle; and——

Enter the SERJEANT, R.

Ser. [*To the Baron.*] The marquis is taken. I have him in safe custody.—See, here he is.

Enter NICHOLAS, *guarded by three Soldiers, followed by* RICHARD, R.

Bar. (C.) This the marquis!

Lis. [*Aside*, L.] As I live, it is that faithless fellow, Nicholas, who ran away just as we were going to be married.

Bar. What are you chattering about, there?—I ask, is this the marquis?

Ric. [*Coming down*, L.] Yes, my lord, that is the marquis, and these ladies know it. [*Apart to Lisette.*] Say, as I say, or all is lost.

Lis. [*Apart to Constantia*, L. C.] Say, as I say, ma'am, or all is lost. [*To the Baron.*] Now, my lord baron, are you convinced that the marquis could act a ghost, and a prisoner at the same time?

Bar. [*To Constantia.*] And is this your marquis, baggage?

Con. I never said he was my marquis, my lord!

Bar. And you, marquis, pretend to be in love with that girl.

Nic. (R.) [*Looking at Lisette.*] It is herself, by Jupiter! In love with her!—I was going to marry her once, a duck!

Bar. Does the marquis squint?—Going to marry her once!

Nic. Yes, before I was a marquis; but now, your daughter, only, shall be mine, when——

Bar. When lawyers are honest, daughters dutiful, and

women pretty, without knowing it. Think of your awful situation. You shall have all the rights of hospitality while you are our prisoner; but as for marrying my daughter, put that out of your head. If my cousin dies, you cannot live; should he recover, there stands his wife; [*Pointing to Constantia.*] and if, in your melancholy predicament, you have to make any last requests, now is the only time allowed you.

Nic. [*Melancholy.*] I have three, and but three things to ask.

Bar. Name them.

Nic. First, do they ever dine in this castle?

Bar. Daily.

Nic. Ah! what hour?

Bar. Now, dinner is quite ready.

Nic. Then let us have it, without losing a moment.

[*Exit*, R.

Bar. (C.) Follow your prisoner, and do not lose sight of him. [*Exit Serjeant, and Soldiers, after Nicholas.*] And now, daughter, would you ever marry such a marquis?

Con. (R.) Never: yet, be assured, my lord, you and I have beheld the marquis with very different eyes. [*Exit*, R.

Bar. [*Aside.*] And I do not believe my eyes have beheld him yet:—I will seem, however, to be deceived. [*Calling.*] Lisette! [*She comes down*, R.] As that is the true marquis, there can be no objection to punish the fellow who has dared to appear as my great grandfather's ghost. [*Calling.*] Picard!

Enter PICARD, L.

Pic. My lord!

Bar. Are you afraid of spirits?

Pic. Neat, or mixed, my lord?

Bar. Tippling rascal, do you believe in ghosts?

Pic. Not when I am sober, my lord.

Bar. Then keep yourself so, for one night, if possible; and the first ghost you see, in the great saloon, get help, and throw him the nearest way out of the oriel window, into the castle ditch.—Go, and do as I bid you. [*Picard crosses to* R., *and exits.*] And when I have cleared the castle of one trouble, I know another that shall follow it.

Lis. Is your lordship going away?

Bar. No; but your ladyship is: so, pack up, directly, and, till your lady is married, do not let me see that saucy face, on this side the great gates of the castle of St. Valori.

 [*Exit*, R.

Lis. And if I do go, I'll leave some cause of remembrance behind me, be assured, old gentleman! Well, I have two strings to my bow: Richard dies for me—Nicholas lives for me; and, Dick or Nick, I shall not go without a husband at any rate!

SONG.—LISETTE.

All maidens love wedlock, deny it who can,
And I'll marry as soon as I find a good man;
Then I'm sure to be happy the rest of my life,
Because a good husband will make a good wife.

I won't have a Hector, a sot, or a fool,
But one who by turns will be govern'd and rule;
Who, loving and lov'd, will cherish through life,
For he's the best husband who makes a good wife.

And now how to save the real marquis from the horrors of the castle ditch!

Enter the COUNT, L., *very pale, in his robe de chambre.*

Count. Lisette!

Lis. [*Screaming.*] Lud a mercy! talk of the—the naughty man!—Who'd have thought of seeing your lordship!—I imagined you were dead: when did you come to life?

Count. [*Giving money.*] This purse, my dear Lisette, must answer all demands.

Lis. [*Aside.*] That's what most purses do: what a sensible explanation!

Count. I am, as you see, neither dead nor hurt; but having heard that my rival means to carry off my cousin in the disguise of our ancestor's ghost, I'll give you this—a pretty farm and a good husband, if you'll introduce me to her in his place.

Lis. With pleasure, my lord; but you will run some risk.

Count. Leave that to me.

Lis. And where's the farm and the husband?

Count. [*Producing a packet.*] When I marry my cousin, this parchment gives you the farm; and if the farm and that face don't get you a husband, it is no fault of mine.

Lis. Then wait in the corridor till I come to you.—But does the baron know your intention?

Count. No, nor would I have him: I mean it for a surprise.

Lis. And a pretty surprise it will be! There, away with you, my lord. [*Exit Count*, R.] And now to get the marquis out of the house.

Enter RICHARD, L.

Ric. My dear Lisette!

Lis. No courting now.

Ric. How am I to get my real master out of the house?

Lis. I've settled that; but, as the gates are all locked, how will you get away yourself?

Ric. Oh, I know—such a thought! You've heard of the ghost that haunts the castle?

Lis. Heard of it? why, I've seen it.

Ric. No!—What, alive?

Lis. How should a ghost be alive? And what then?

Ric. Why, then—my thought is so brilliant, that I won't tell you: you shall see, approve, and applaud. I shall cut such a figure!

Lis. Shall you?—Well, don't be too sanguine: I suspect you mean to——

Ric. What?

Lis. Take your own way. [*Looking off*, L.] See, who comes here?—Go! only save your master and my lady, and then——

Ric. And then——

Lis. Don't lose a moment! [*Exit Richard*, R.] I don't know how our plans may succeed, but I begin to think we shall be full of spirits.

Enter NICHOLAS, L.

Nic. [*Aside.*] Here she is, and alone! Lisette!

Lis. My lord!

Nic. My lord!—I've no hump! My dear Lisette, I can explain.

Lis. Explain to me nothing: if you are a lord, your case is hard, indeed; if you're no lord, why, then, the Lord have mercy upon you! In the first place, you will be put to death in all the pride of rank and youth; and in the latter, you'll die like a poor unhappy jackdaw, in the feathers of a peacock! Are you a lord, or only a man?

Nic. You know I'm no more than a man, and your own man, Nicholas, my dear Lisette! Yet I shouldn't like to give up the ghost!

Lis. Which you can only prevent by pretending to be one. In a few minutes, go into that apartment, [*Pointing*

R.] and I'll provide you with an awful dress, in which you shall go out of the house much faster than you came into it; and when you are in safety, don't desert the next girl you promise to marry, in the middle of the wedding preparations!

Nic. But that's what I want to explain.

DUET.—NICHOLAS *and* LISETTE.

Nic. I came to woo, as an honest man should.
Lis. You prov'd untrue, as all rogues would.
Both. Rogues! rogues! of every degree;
And I'll tell you by and by what rogues there be.

Lis. I gave you my hand, as an honest girl should.
Nic. And I bought a ring, as a bridegroom would.
Both. Rogues! rogues! &c.

Lis. I went to the church, as an honest woman should.
Nic. And I stay'd away—
Lis. As all rogues would.
Both. Rogues! rogues! &c.

Nic. I borrow'd of my rival—
Lis. As most fools would.
Nic. So he lock'd me up—
Lis. As all rogues would.
Both. Rogues! rogues! &c.

Nic. He tied me up quite fast, and far away from town.
Lis. What! tied you up!
Nic. Yes; but I knock'd him down.
Both. Rogues! rogues! &c.

Nic. Here's my hand—
Lis. Not while this moral hold good.
Nic. He that won't when he may—
Lis. Never shall when he would.
Both. For rogues are rogues in every degree,
And now I've told you how the rogue served me.

Baron. [*Without, in a furious voice.*] And when you have thrown him into the ditch, bring me word.

Lis. And now, sir, if you wish to explain any further—

Nic. Another time, if you please! [*Running off*, R.

Lis. Let me see: the ditch is very shallow, and the window isn't high; the Count is my lady's enemy; Nicholas deserves a ducking for deceiving me; and as for Richard, he has made his own bed, and if he finds it too soft, it's no fault of mine. [*Exit*, R.

Enter the SERJEANT *and* PICARD, L.

Ser. My orders are, to watch at the north-west door of the south-east corridor, and seize on the first ghost I meet.

Pic. And if he tries the south-east door of the north-west corridor, then I seize him. You're not afraid?

Ser. A soldier's never afraid of nothing!

Pic. I myself have but one fear.

Ser. Fear! what do you fear?

Pic. That if you should fall in with a bottle of old black strap—you understand me—you'd drink——

Ser. Not the bottle—the wine's good enough for me!—I shall go straight enough.

Pic. Unless you hear a drum.

Ser. Ay, a drum, indeed!—A better excuse than you would have, if you fell in with a boon companion.

Pic. No matter; we were both born so.

Ser. And what's bred in the bone——

Pic. Will never be out of the bottle.

DUET.—PICARD *and the* SERJEANT.

Pic. My dad he was a thirsty soul,
And his spirits rose with the mantling bowl;
And he liked to hear whene'er he could
Corks pop, and wine cry—Good! good! good!

Ser. My father was a soldier bold,
He valued glory more than gold:
He left the harrow, spade, and plough,
For the music of his row! dow! dow!

[*Exeunt Serjeant*, R., *Picard*, L.

SCENE VI.—*A Gothic Saloon—doors* R. *and* L. U. E., *and a door*, C. F.—*two large Gothic chairs—a large turn-up claw table*, R., *and a stool behind it.*

Enter CONSTANTIA *and the* MARQUIS, R.

Con. I have discovered that my cousin is really unhurt, and am so indignant at the subterfuge, that, if I can but convince my father how he has been duped, I will endeavour to gain his consent, without which I never will be yours.

Mar. Hope is half success, and hope I will while Constantia——

Enter LISETTE *with a lamp*, L.

Lis. Don't stand hoping there; you are surrounded; a storm is brewing; only retire, and sunshine will succeed it.

[*By an accidental turn of her arm, Lisette knocks the lamp out, and the saloon becomes dark.*

Mar. I hope so, for you have made sunshine more necessary than ever.

Lis. [*Opening the door,* R. U. E.] Go in here, my lord; you'll be quite safe, and I'll take care of my lady.

[*She puts the Marquis into the room,* R. U. E., *and takes Constantia off,* L.

Music.—Enter RICHARD, *cautiously,* R., *in a long black dress, grotesque cap, and a paper lantern on a stick.*

Ric. This place is so lonely, and I look so long and so black, and so unlike any thing living, that—[*Starting.*]—What's that? This mocking apparitions may be dangerous; and should the real ghost appear!—Oh, I wish Lisette would come! [*Retires up,* R.

Enter NICHOLAS, L., *in a long white gown and cap.*

Nic. A good dinner, and a good bottle, and a good roof, are all good things, but not worth losing one's head for.—Yet I don't like this way of escape—it looks presumptuous; and if, by way of punishment, the dead baron were to make his appearance, I might—[*Seeing Richard.*]—Oh, lud! oh, dear! look there!

Ric. (R.) I can't think what keeps her, when she said—[*Seeing Nicholas,* L.] Oh, lord! oh, dear! just as I suspected!—I'm lost!

[*He crosses to* L., *Nicholas crosses to* R.

Nic. I've called up the old gentleman himself!

Ric. [*Falling on his knees in great trepidation.*] Spirit of the departed!

Nic. [*Falling on his knees.*] Shade of the murdered owner of——

Enter the COUNT, *in a similar dress and mask,* C. D. F.

Count. I'm too early. [*Seeing Nicholas and Richard.*] Eh! what are these?—I'll hide a moment.

[*Conceals himself behind the large table,* R.

Nic. I shall be fetched away before my time!

Ric. I shall be carried off before I know where I am!

Enter the SERJEANT, R. S. E., *and* PICARD, L. S. E.

Ser. [*Seizing Richard.*] Right about face!

[*Carries him off.* R. S. E.

Pic. [*Seizing Nicholas.*] Here goes for half a year's wages! [*Carries him off*, L. S. E.

Enter the BARON, LISETTE, *and* CONSTANTIA, *with a light*, L.

Bar. [*To Constantia.*] Come, this way, hussy!—You are matched—I know you are plotting; and I'll lock you in this chamber till I have cleared the castle of all the roguery you have brought into it.

Lis. You'd better not!

Con. Dear father!

Bar. Nonsense!

Lis. You couldn't do a more foolish thing, take my word for it!

Bar. [*To Lisette, leading Constantia to the door*, R. U. E.] I won't take your word, and I will do it, because you advise me not. There—in you go! [*Putting Constantia into the room with the Marquis*, R. U. E., *and locking the door.*] By this time, the Marquis is in the mud, and all is as it should be in the castle of Saint Valori. [*Exit*, L.

Enter PICARD, *with a bottle*, L.

Pic. All's right; the ghost is laid in the red—no, the black sea! I fortified myself with a drop before I started on the enterprise; I drank success to it as I came along; and now here's a cup of comfort in honour to its happy conclusion! [*Drinking.*

Enter SERJEANT, R.

Why, serjeant, you look as if you were a day's march behind hand.

Ser. And how do you look? I've won a month's pay, and your bottle.

Pic. Have you?—How?

Ser. By obeying orders: carried off the ghost, but not having the heart to drop him in the mud, I locked him in the flour-binn.

Pic. Why, thou muster-roll of false returns! thou field-day of flash in the pan! I carried off the ghost myself, and, too tender-hearted to smother him in the moat, have locked him in the coal-cellar.

Ser. You!

Pic. Yes; a tall white ghost, as white as the devil!

Ser. You'll persuade me black's white!—I say it was a black ghost, as black as the devil!—But put your flask on

this table, and before you drink another drop, I'll convince thee thou art the falsest——

Pic. Sit down, and say that again, if you dare; and if I don't disprove thy words, may the original old ancient antique ghost of the baron's grandfather appear, and——

[*They turn down the table, and are about to seat themselves on each side, when the Count is discovered.—They form a momentary picture of whimsical horror the Serjeant,* L., *the Count,* C., *and Picard,* R.

Count. [*Aside.*] Now, then, is my time.

[*He is about to escape,* L.

Enter the BARON *and Servants,* L., *meeting the Count.*

Bar. No you don't! [*To the Servants.*] Seize him!—[*As they approach the Count, his mask falls off.*] The Count!—Then where's the Marquis?

[*Goes to the door,* R. U. E., *and unlocks it.*

Re-enter LISETTE *from the room,* R. U. E.

Lis. The Marquis is here, locked up with your daughter, by your own hands.

Bar. Locked up by me! [*Exit into the room,* R. U. E.

Ser. I'll go and see who I have locked up. [*Exit,* R. S. E.

Pic. How tipsy the serjeant must be!—I certainly have a prisoner, and I'll go and see who he is. [*Exit,* L. S. E.

Count. And as I don't cut the most respectable figure in the world here, I'll console myself with the idea, that, next to a victory, the best thing is a safe retreat.

[*Exit,* L.

Re-enter the BARON, CONSTANTIA, *and the* MARQUIS, *from the room,* R. U. E.

Bar. [*To the Marquis.*] Say no more—say no more! The Count is a hypocrite; you are a bold fellow; my daughter is as obstinate as her father; and, to prevent what the world may say, you shall punish each other, by being linked together for life.

Lis. And what am I to be, my lord?

Bar. A woman in every sense; that is to say, too much for my poor wits to contend with. And now where's Picard?

Re-enter PICARD, L. S. E., *with* NICHOLAS *on his back, in the ghost's dress.*

Pic. Here!

Re-enter the SERJEANT *with* RICHARD, *in the ghost's dress*, R.

Ser. No—here!

Lis. Nic and Dick again!

Mar. (R. C.) The first was cheated, for my safety, into his assumed character by the zealous fidelity of the latter; and both are entitled to reward.

Nic. (L.) After having dined, my best reward is here.

[*Crosses to Lisette*, L. C.

Ric. (R.) That is as the lady may decide.

Bar. (C.) She is too clever to decide amiss; and, for her attachment to Constantia, I'll give her a dowry, which I hope will make her as happy with the Man as my saucy daughter is with the Marquis.

FINALE.

No more shall inmates be afraid
To pass our gloomy gallery;
But joy shall deck with beauty's aid
The haunted Castle of Saint Valori!

And while to bride and groom the toast
With spirit shall go round,
Our mirth shall charm the baron's ghost,
And keep him under ground!

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

SER. RIC. MAR. CON. BARON. LIS. NIC.
R.] [L.

THE END.

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